INTRODUCTION

by Dwight Macdonald

United States of America, Plaintiff, vs. David T. Dellinger et al., Defendants, No. 69 Crim. 180 began in the Federal District Courthouse in Chicago on September 26, 1969, before the Hon. Julius J. Hoffman (and a jury) and ended five months later after some 200 witnesses had been heard—more or less, depending on the Judge's iron whim; Mayor Daley didn't get much beyond giving his name, not to his displeasure—and 22,000 pages of transcript had been accumulated. *The Tales of Hoffman,* a title that understates the fantastic atmosphere of the trial, is a mosaic of the more significant moments.

It is hardly news by now, at least here in the effete East, that if the defendants were out to show up American bourgeois justice, as they were, Judge Hoffman aided and abetted them beyond their fondest, most alienated dreams of revolutionary glory. Even editors of *The New York Times* have perceived this, even Max Lerner. Let me pass over, for the moment, the Judge's courtroom manner, arrogant without dignity, wisecracking without wit, a combination of Torquemada and a Borscht-circuit *tummeler*. I'm also willing to stipulate, as we say in court, that his sustaining all the prosecution's objections and overruling all the defense's—to be fair, the ratio was maybe only 98 to 2—that these rulings were called as he saw them, honestly and without bias or prejudice. (Gotta watch your step with Julie, fastest draw in the Midwest with a contempt citation.) But there is something peculiar, assuming the Judge was not in cahoots with the defendants to undermine our legal system, already reeling from the assaults of our Attorney General—as I do assume, holster that citation, Judge—about the consistency with which he perpetrated injudicial outrages from beginning to end of the trial. He rushed through jury selection in half a day, solo, refusing to question the panel on most of the points the defense asked him to, including previous exposure to the case

from press and television. He tried to arrest for contempt four lawyers who didn't show up on the first day because they had been engaged by the defense only for pre-trial work, a position he backed down from under horrified pressure from the legal establishment. He refused to postpone the trial until Bobby Seale's lawyer, Charles Garry, recovered from an operation, refusing to let Seale defend himself and thus goading him into constant interruptions—always sensible and rarely obscene, by the way, if you read the complete transcript and not just the press reports—which the Judge solved catastrophically by having Seale gagged and bound, finally severing him from the case with a four-year contempt sentence to give him a head start on his separate trial later. He excluded basic defense documents (as on the Convention and the police riots) and witnesses such as Ramsey Clark, who as Attorney General at the time had had the responsibility of insuring a peaceful Convention and who had tried to negotiate with Mayor Daley to that end. Judge Hoffman wound it all up in an orgy of sabotage of due process, justice and mere decency, sentencing all of the defendants and both their lawyers to prison for contempt of court before the verdict. When the jury, after being hung up for four days (unexpectedly, and a tribute to them but not to Judge Hoffman) acquitted two defendants on both charges (conspiring to incite a riot, and actually doing so) and the other five on the conspiracy charge, the odd—and to a hopeful believer (like me) in the jury system, the intolerable—outcome was they were all sentenced anyway for contempt, from six months to two years. What price justice when Hoffman is telling the tale?

Their lawyers got the works: 4 years, 13 days for William Kunstler; 1 year, 8 months, 5 days for Leonard Weinglass. These neat calculations show an unexpected rationality, in a way, as does the Judge's novel salami tactics with the contempt sentence. Hitherto the accepted maximum sentence for refractory lawyers had been six months; by slicing up Kunstler's crime into twenty-four separate offenses, the Judge was able to give him a lenient two months on each and still come out with four years. A pity to see a brain like that wasted on the right side of the law. Finally, despite the jury's long hesitation and

eventual compromise, the Judge gave the five defendants still within his reach the maximum five years, adding a Hoffmaniac turn of the screw with $5,000 fines apiece plus "the costs of prosecution," whatever that means. It's a novel concept to me, no doubt a tidy sum once the Judge's slide rule gets into action, say $58,612.57 apiece, give or take a few cents.

In short, Judge Hoffman made the kind of legal history Tom Hayden, David Dellinger, Rennie Davis, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin wanted him to make. It looks fishy—a federal judge playing into the hands of the revolutionaries he appeared to be persecuting. And who, or what, is behind him? That's the interesting question. How can we account for the present situation unless we believe that men high in the Government are concerting to deliver us to disaster? This must be the product of a great conspiracy, a conspiracy so immense as to dwarf any previous such venture in the history of man. What can be made of this unbroken series of decisions and acts contributing to the strategy of defeat? They cannot be attributed to incompetence. If Hoffman were merely stupid, the laws of probability would dictate that part of his decisions would serve his country's interest.

The last five sentences above are, of course, not mine—one hopes the reader sensed the style had become rather gamey—but, except for substituting "Hoffman" for "Marshall," they are quoted from the once-famous 60,000-word speech the late Senator McCarthy delivered in the Senate on June 14, 1951, exposing the then Secretary of State, George Marshall, as a traitor working for the Kremlin. I didn't believe then that General Marshall, granted his incompetence, was an agent of Stalin, nor do I now believe that Judge Hoffman, granted his, is an agent of the New Left. But a clever prosecutor—not Mr. Foran or Mr. Schultz—could make as good a case for this paranoiac hypothesis as they did for their own in the trial.

Chicago has become our new Dallas: first the "police riot" against demonstrators (and others, anybody within club reach) at the 1968 Democratic Convention, and a year later, a judicial riot when the leading demonstrators went on trial for having tactlessly provoked the police riot by insisting on exercising their rights as guaranteed by the First Amendment to the

Constitution: "the freedom of speech . . . the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." It is true that the Chicago Eight weren't respectful to their Judge and prosecutors any more than they had been to Mayor Daley's cops, but in both cases the repressive reaction was out of all proportion to the provocation, and their disrespect fed and grew on the professional incompetence of the forces of law and order—policemen are supposed to control themselves, judges are supposed to "have ice water in their veins," as former Justice Abe Fortas put it. Whatever was in Judge Hoffman's veins, it wasn't ice water; aquavit maybe. He was spoiling for a fight, a confrontation, from the first day, and as the months wore on, it becomes obvious from the evidence in the present book that he was enjoying it. And not just sadistically, though that too, but also in a sly, masochistic way—he was asking for it, begging for it, and often he seems to deliberately provoke the disrespect he instantly complains about. One understands why Kunstler at the end says he feels "nothing but compassion" for Hoffman, also why the other Hoffman, Abbie, was given a relatively light contempt sentence although he, of all the defendants, was the most personally, and effectively, insulting to his namesake. A complex neurotic, Julie. (I apologize for the familiarity, Judge; it's not my style, but I feel I really know you after reading this book—you're so freely self-expressive on the bench. *Hoffman's Complaint.*)

The defense lawyers have been criticized for not sitting down when told to and for not repressing their charges (though, as Weinglass says to the Judge at one point, "Do you really think we could?" or words to that effect) and for talking back and other nonprofessional practices, such as making an issue about when and where their clients may go to the bathroom and, on a higher level, asking for relaxation of procedure on various irrelevant, and political, occasions. As to the low-comedy scenes about going to the bathroom, not much to my taste, the Court takes part with gusto. Likewise with Kunstler's requests for unlegal favors such as a recess on October 15 to allow the defendants to participate in Moratorium Day activities, permission to have his clients present in court a cake to Bobby Seale on his thirty-third birthday, a

"moment of silence for Dr. King" on January 15, etcetera. The Judge rejects them all, I think properly, but with unjudicial side remarks that are here pleasant enough—"I won't even let anybody bring me a birthday cake. . . . This is a courthouse and we conduct trials here. I am sorry."—but that become nasty and provocative when the same uncorseted style is applied to serious matters. (One of the Judge's few witty remarks—as against his usual *tummeler* cross talk—came after he had granted a five minute recess so that the defendants could consult Dr. Spock, who had dropped in to see the show. "We would like to introduce him to your Honor," suggested Kunstler, ever alert with the innocent needle. "My children are grown, Mr. Kunstler," replied his Honor.)

His constant ridicule of the two defense lawyers would alone be grounds for a mistrial, I should think. In one session we get first:

> Mr. Weinglass: That is permissible procedure?
>
> The Court: I said it was. You don't have to ask me after I said it.
>
> Mr. Weinglass: I am sorry. I object to it.
>
> The Court: Sometime I am going to take an oath before I talk to you, you ask me so many questions.

Then:

> Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, there is an old maxim in law that if the police are brutal to one group, there is an inference they may be brutal to other groups, and that is a—
>
> The Court: That is a maxim of the law I never heard of, and I sustain the objection.
>
> Mr. Kunstler: You heard the maxim that "False in one thing, false in all." That is what I am saying:
>
> "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus." That is the maxim.
>
> The Court: You ought to put on your striped trousers and be a professor.
>
> Mr. Kunstler: Your Honor, I am afraid I don't have striped trousers.
>
> The Court: I didn't ask you for a lecture. . . . I don't know all of those fancy phrases that you used.

This simple-guy put-down of the Eastern city slicker was one of the Judge's favorite ploys, sometimes af-

fectation ("I think your Honor does [know what the 'fancy phrase' means]," Kunstler replied—I hope he's right), but more often the kind of genuine provincial resentment our Vice President is making a career, of sort, by expressing (in five-dollar words and ten-dollar syntax—that'll show 'em!). As:

> The Court: He [Seale] is being treated in accordance with the law.
>
> Mr. Kunstler: Not the Constitution of the United States, your Honor, which is the supreme law. He has a right to defend himself.
>
> The Court: I don't need someone to come here from New York or wherever you come from to tell me that there is a Constitution in the United States.

And:

> The Court: You speak of the Constitution as though it were a document printed yesterday. [A very good way to speak of it—D.M.] We know about the Constitution way out here in the Middle-west, too, Mr. Kunstler.
>
> Mr. Kunstler: Oh, your Honor, this is a little unfair, isn't it?
>
> The Court: We really do. You would be amazed at our knowledge of constitutional law.
>
> Mr. Kunstler: Isn't that a little unfair, your Honor? We are not here from different parts of the country—
>
> The Court: I am getting a little weary of these thrusts by counsel and I don't want any more of them. [The Judge should move to New York and find what thrusts can be—D.M.] I had occasion to admonish you before.
>
> Mr. Kunstler: I know, but you said I could argue as long as I wanted.
>
> The Court: As long as you are respectful, sir.
>
> Mr. Kunstler: I am respectful.
>
> The Court: No, you haven't been.
>
> Mr. Kunstler: You implied, I thought, Chicago people didn't understand the Constitution, only Easterners understand it. That isn't true.
>
> The Court: Bring in the jury.

The trouble with the editors' excerpts is you can't stop quoting them, like eating peanuts. There's always something interesting. Here my point was made in the first two exchanges but I added the rest because it

illustrates the dominant impression I got from the whole book, how sensible and courteous the defense lawyers were (their clients were also sensible but not so polite) and how unsensible and rude the Judge. I skip over his Honor's personal remarks (as when he asked Kunstler if he used Chanel No. 5) and his frequent questioning of the defense lawyers' competence, in front of the jury, item no. 78 on the mistrial docket ("a defense, if you can call it that"; when they asked for explanations of his bizarre rulings, advising them to consult a lawyer), and I will conclude, your Honor, with item no. 79, The Weinglass Mystery, or The Case of the Amnesiac Judge. For some antic, Torquemada-*tummeler* reason, Hoffman throughout the trial affected to forget the junior counsel's name, calling him Weinstein, Feinstein, Fineglass, Weinberg, Weinramer, forever being corrected and forever apologizing. This doubtless accompanied by one of those rubberlipped smirks I'm told he indulged in—unlike the defendants' laughter that bothered him so much, they don't appear in the record. Nor do his intonations, which are reported to have been so expressive in merely reading the indictment at the beginning of the trial that a lady juror felt she couldn't give a fair verdict and got herself excused. Toward the end, the resourceful defense table produced a large placard inscribed "WEINGLASS" which they hoisted up on occasion to refresh the Judge's memory. But he still got it wrong. At the very end, after he had modulated to "Weinrob," his victim wearily observed: "I was hopeful when I came here that after twenty weeks the Court would know my name . . ." To which, The Court: "Well, I am going to tell you about that. . . . I have got a very close friend named Weinruss and I know nobody by the name of Weinrob—[something wrong here with the transcript, or the Judge—D.M.] and somehow or other the name of Weinruss stuck in my mind and it is your first appearance here. You have seen lawyers pass before this bar all during your four to five months here whom I know intimately and I scarcely ever forget a lawyer's name even when he hasn't been in for twenty years." The garrulity makes no sense as an explanation, since "Weinruss" was not even the most common of the pseudonyms by which he addressed Mr.—it *is* "Weinglass," isn't it? And, as

an apology, it is also defective, the last sentence adding the clinching insult. Not the most consecutive mind, his Honor's. But still, why? What method in his madness? I think the clue is his remark, overheard by a reporter in an elevator: "Now we are going to hear this wild man Weinglass." (See Transcript page 397.) For once, he got the name right. It reminds me of another injudicious remark made in a public place, the bar of a country club as I recall, by another unjudicial judge, the Hon. Webster Thayer of the Massachusetts bench, apropos a trial he was about to conduct with all due legal decorum, including that great black maxi-robe: "I'm going to get those anarchist bastards!" The Hon. Thayer did get Sacco and Vanzetti but I don't think the Hon. Hoffman will do well in the appellate courts. If he does, I'll have to agree that Tom Hayden for once is right about something.

What Judge Hoffman and his two more sober but equally obtuse allies at the Government table, Mr. Foran and Mr. Schultz, didn't realize—a fatal error that played into the receptive hands of the defense and made a shambles of the trial—was that dissidents have developed in the last year or so a new kind of courtroom behavior which makes unheard-of demands on the judge. In old-style political trials, from the pre-revolutionary trial in which Peter Zenger was successfully defended against His Majesty's prosecutors on a charge of publishing seditious matter, to the recent trial of Dr. Spock et al., in Boston, both sides, in dress and behavior, accepted the conventions of the ruling establishment. The lawyers sat down when the judge told them to and didn't ask for permission to bring birthday cakes into court, the defendants wore business suits and neckties (or stocks and tiewigs) and not purple pants, Indian headbands, or—as Abbie and Jerry did at one point—judicial robes, nor did they laugh or make abusive or witty remarks —and the spectators didn't shout "Right on!" or "Oink!" or, indeed, anything at all. Repression reigned. The defense behaved as if they shared the values and life style of the Court, even when they didn't, as in the big IWW trial in 1918 under the Espionage Act. There were over a hundred defendants, the entire leadership plus of the Wobblies, the only American anarchists who ever got through to

the people. Their trial lasted five months—there were 17,000 separate offenses, a salami-slicing record beside which Judge Hoffman's is amateurish—the jury took sixty-five mintues to find 100 of the defendants guilty, and Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, later the "Czar" of baseball after the "Black Sox" scandal, also made Judge Hoffman look like a piker, handing out sentences ranging from ten days to twenty years, plus a cool $2,300,000 in fines, plus costs. That was the end of the Wobblies in our history. But although the defendants were anarchists to a man, as bold and ingenious in anti-establishment disruption outside the courtroom as their lineal descendants, Tom Hayden's SDS and Abbie Hoffman's Yippies, they behaved themselves inside it. Judge Landis, as mean a patriot as Judge Hoffman, and fully as tough a jurist, didn't feel obliged to hand out any contempt sentences. They respected those sacred precincts, not from any civic illusions—they were as cynically anti-bourgeois as the next Yippie—but because, like most radicals before the present generation, their public style was separate from their personal style. Today's radicals have merged the two and have created a functioning community which, unlike the nineteenth-century Fourierist and Owenite experiments, is not set apart geographically, but lives in and takes part in everyday life, swimming against the current but in the common river. As Chairman Mao well puts it, "The people are to the revolutionary as the water is to the fish." In the case of our New Left, read "mass media" for "people."

The Spock trial, which took place only a year and a half ago, how time flies, was perhaps the last in the old mode we shall see. Dr. Spock, after getting a load of the Chicago jurodrama, had second thoughts: "We sat like good little boys called into the principal's office. I'm afraid we didn't prove very much," he said recently. He meant that, as Jessica Mitford's excellent book, *The Trial of Doctor Spock,* showed, the moral and political issues the defendants hoped to promote by their defiant acts and by the trial were never brought out. Judge Ford was as bigoted and legalistic as Judge Hoffman. And so, given an old-style defense by old-style lawyers (for such they were, even Louis Boudin, the most sophisticated in left-wing defense cases) who shut up when they were

overruled and were, like true professionals, psychologically distant from their clients' cause—given this, the Boston judge was in control and could repress the meaning of the trial in a way the Chicago judge, confronted by new-style defendants and lawyers, could not. Toward the end, one of the prosecutors complained that Kunstler and Weinglass were part of the same radical ambiance as their clients. (It was one of his few perceptive remarks.) The closeness revolted him, as a professional gladiator might be outraged if his opponent hacked away at him in the name of some abstract doctrine like Christianity.

In the new-style radical courtroom tactics, either the lawyers share the alienation and often the hair style of their clients, or there are no lawyers. Also, as in the Living Theatre and other avant-garde dramatic presentations, the audience gets into the act; the spectators raise their voices, or, worse, their laughter, at crucial moments despite all those beefy marshals. And the defendants, hitherto passive except when they had their meagre moment on the witness stand—"Please answer the question, yes or no" —feel free to make critical comments on the drama when the spirit moves them. The Chicago trial is the richest specimen of the new free-form trial to date, owing to the ingenious tactics of the defense (and the Judge's collaboration), but there are two other examples that compare, and contrast, interestingly with it: the current trial of Black Panthers in New York before a city magistrate, Judge Murtagh, on charges of conspiracy to blow up various business and police premises; and the trial a year ago of the "Milwaukee Fourteen" before Judge Larson, of the state judiciary, on charges of having incinerated ten thousand draft cards with homemade napalm.

The Black Panther trial hasn't begun yet, technicially—in its first three weeks only two of sixteen pre-trial motions have been disposed of—and it promises to last even longer than the Chicago one did. But already a quite different pattern has emerged. The defendants are as indignant as the Chicago Eight were at what is being done to them in the name of legality, and with even more reason. They have been imprisoned for almost a year under $100,000 bail apiece, which means no bail. The Chicago Eight were free on bail. The Panthers aren't charged with any

actual bombings, only with a conspiracy to intend to bomb, while the bail for four white radicals recently indicted in New York on charges of complicity in some real bombings was set at a reasonable $20,000 each; a year's imprisonment, and possibly two if the trial drags on at its present pace, seems excessive for innocent people, as the Panthers are until they are proven guilty in court. So there has been flak from the defendants—what have they to lose, they're in jail already—and outbursts from the spectators. Judge Murtagh's response has been tough but cool. He has ignored static from the defendants when he could—"Let's get on with it"—and when he couldn't, engaged in chilly dialogue like a hostess with a drunk on her hands. He has established some control over the spectators by making it clear he would jail them for contempt if they persisted in shouting "Right on!" to the defendants' morning greeting, "Power to the People!" and has sentenced two on the spot, after summary court-martials, to thirty days. At this writing, he seems to have established a precarious control over the courtroom. It may blow up any day, but it is at least a possible approach to the problem from the old-style viewpoint: play it by ear, modulating between fatherly admonitions and drumhead executions, and above all, don't get involved the way Julie did.

Judge Larson's approach was different from either Murtagh's or Hoffman's: he did get involved, but in a sympathetic way, like a psychiatrist. His problem was easier than theirs, it is true: the fourteen defendants were mostly Catholic priests, scholars and laymen; the crime they were accused of was destroying records that might send American youths to die in what many Americans think an unjust war; they admitted their guilt, indeed insisted on it as an act of conscience; and they defended themselves, no lawyers, old or new style, around to recall the judge to his professional role. This last was perhaps the decisive factor in making the Milwaukee trial a benign and sensible expression of our court system as against the Boston blank, the New York minuet and the Chicage circus. At any rate, Judge Larson allowed the defendants considerable leeway in expressing the ideals and ideas that had led them to their illegal action, whether from sympathy with them as moralists

or as babes in the legal woods, or both. And when he sentenced them—leniently—he was regretful and, when it came to Father Mullaney, a Benedictine monk with a PhD in clinical psychology who had been especially eloquent and moving in his courtroom discourse, he cried.*

The legal basis for the Chicago trial was as rickety as its conduct under the Master of the Revels, also called the Lord of Misrule in the old days, Julius J. Hoffman—namely, the 1968 "Anti-Riot Act," fathered by Strom Thurmond. The anti-riot act was a congressional reflex to the ghetto riots following the murder of Martin Luther King and to such forgotten black bogeymen as H. Rap Brown and Stokely Carmichael. It is worthy of its sire. It makes it a federal offense (5 years, $10,000) to cross state lines with the *intention* of inciting, promoting, encouraging or participating in a riot, which is defined as any assemblage of three or more persons in which one or more persons injure another person (or more) or *damage property,* or *threaten to do so* (my emphasis). It seems obvious that such a "law" would convict anybody—and, in the case of the Chicago Five, did so—who travels any distance with the aim of exercising his First Amendment rights to talk out and peaceably assemble to ask the governing powers for redress of grievances, since if the demonstration is a success, somebody is bound to get knocked around by the cops, and a window or two may be broken in the heat of the moment. So who's to say what his intentions were? That's for a psychiatrist not a judge or jury. It seems likely the higher courts will throw out this Thurmondity as unconstitutional, but Judge Hoffman botched up the Chicago trial so thoroughly that they will be able to avoid the issue, with some relief, one imagines, by limiting themselves to correcting his errors.

From the legal viewpoint, the trial was—disap-

* For a detailed account of this remarkable trial, see Francine Gray's article in the *New York Review of Books* for Sept. 25, 1969—as imaginative reportage as I've read in a long time. The *Review* has also printed, in its Dec. 4, 1969, and Feb. 12, 1970, issues, the complete transcripts of the parts of the Chicago trial record concerning Bobby Seale and Allen Ginsberg, with excellent introductions by Jason Epstein, which give a sense of context and continuity that is of necessity lacking in the present volume. It is reassuring that the mosaic excerpts here give about the same general picture as the *Review*'s complete-text episodes do.

pointing. But it was of unique significance in a way the defendants understood from the start and the prosecution and judge never caught on to: as a head-on collision, a public confrontation between the extremes of American politics and life styles, the radicalized, alienated youth versus the bourgeois Establishment. A *kulturkampf* which the young won hands down, on points. (Not that they were *really* young, the Chicago Five—Dellinger was a senile fifty-three, and the others were close to the age barrier of thirty; even revolutionaries grow old, if not up.) This is not a vaudeville theater, the Judge complained, asking the marshals to ask the defendants to stop giggling. And another time he asked the marshals to exclude from the courtroom anyone who applauded. The Court, he said, isn't a theater. But Jerry Rubin was right when he said, explaining he had been unavoidably detained and hadn't meant to walk out on the trial: "I like being here. It is interesting. . . . It is good theater, your Honor."

A long procession of singers, writers and intellectuals took the witness stand during the five months, and the contrast between their minds and feelings and those of the Court was dramatic. The testimony of Allen Ginsberg (who was allowed three O-o-m-m-m's and no more) and Norman Mailer (who replied to Prosecutor Schultz's request to stick to the facts—"Facts are nothing without their nuance, sir") was especially educational. It was all wasted on the Judge, however. When Mr. Schultz complained Mailer was not being "responsive" to his questions—i.e., was trying to tell the complicated truth—the Judge said: "You are too high-priced a writer to give us all that gratis, Mr. Mailer. Just answer the question." And to Tom Hayden's "So, your Honor, before your eyes you see the most vital ingredient of your system collapsing because the system does not hold together," the Judge replied: "Oh, don't be so pessimistic. Our system isn't collapsing. Fellows as smart as you could do awfully well under this system. I am not trying to convert you, mind you."

But the tone of the whole affair was set by Abbie Hoffman; it was his show, a chance to act out in largest publicity his ideas about radical politics as theater, about "putting on" the squares and goosing the media. His testimony is the crux of the trial, the

most extensive and intensive expression of the new-radical style. It's also extremely amusing and penetrating; Abbie combines wit, imagination and shrewdness in a way not so common, and he has mastered his peculiar style so thoroughly that he can play around in and with it like a frisky dolphin. They can't even get him to give his name and address. When the Judge asks him for the former, he replies "Just Abbie. I don't have a last name, Judge. I lost it." (He told the press he was going to legally change his name after getting a load of his Honor.) Later: "My name is Abbie. I am an orphan of America." "Where do you reside?" "I live in Woodstock Nation." "Will you tell the Court and jury where it is?" "Yes. It is a nation of alienated young people. We carry it around with us as a state of mind in the same way the Sioux Indians carried the Sioux nation around with them. It is a nation dedicated to cooperation versus competition . . ." "Just where is it, that is all." "It is in my mind and in the minds of my brothers and sisters." Even his age provokes a poetic cadenza:

Q. Can you tell the Court and jury your present age?

A. My age is 33. I am a child of the 60's.

Q. When were you born?

A. Psychologically, 1960.

. . .

Q. Can you tell the Court and jury what is your present occupation?

A. I am a cultural revolutionary. Well, I am really a defendant—

Q. What do you mean?

A. —full time.

It is a wonder the trial ever got finished at all. And that the Judge, Government lawyers and federal marshals were physically able to stay in the same room with such defendants. Some of them may have been educated by the experience. I have been, and I've enjoyed it.